But by degree ſtand in authentique place :
Take but degree away, vntune that ſtring,
And harke what diſcord followes, each thing melts
In meere oppugnancie: the bounded waters
Should lift their boſomes higher then the ſhores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid globe:
Strength ſhould be Lord of imbecilitie,
And the rude ſonne ſhould ſtrike his father dead.
Force ſhould be right or rather right and wrong,
(*Betweene whoſe endleſſe iarre Iuſtice recides*)
Should looſe their names, and ſo ſhould Iuſtice too?
Then euery thing include it ſelfe in power,
Power into will, will into appetite,
And appetite an vniuerſall Woolfe,
(So doubly ſeconded with will and power)
Muſt make perforce an vniuerſall prey,
And laſt eate vp himſelfe.
Great *Agamemnon*,
This *chaos* when degree is ſuffocate,
Followes the choaking.
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward with a purpoſe
It hath to clime. The generalls diſdaind,
By him one ſtep below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath, ſo euery ſtep,
Exampl'd by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his ſuperior, growes to an enuious feauer
Of pale and bloudleſſe emulation,
And 'tis this feauer that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne ſinnews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſſe ſtands not in her ſtrength.
Neſtor. Moſt wiſely hath *Viſſes* here diſcouerd,
The feuer whereof all our power is ſick.
Agamem. The nature of the ſickneſſe found *Viſſes*
What is the remedie?
Viſſes. The great *Achilles* whom opinion crownes,
The ſinnow and the fore-hand of our hoſte,
Hauing his eare full of his ayrie fame,

Growes

Growes dainty of his worth, and
Lies mocking our deſignes: with
Vpon a lazie bed the liue-long d
Breakes ſcurrell ieſts,
And with ridiculous and ſillie ac
Which (ſlanderer) he Imitation
He pageants vs. Some-time grea
Thy topleſſe deputation he puts
And like a ſtrutting Player, who
Lyes in his ham-ſtring, and doth
To heere the woodden dialogue
Twixt his ſtretcht footing and th
Such to be pitied and ore-reſted
He acts thy greatneſſe in. And w
Tis like a chime a mending, with
Which from the tongue of roari
Would ſeeme hiperboles, at this
The large *Achilles* on his preſt be
From his deepe cheſt laughes ou
Cries excellent; 'tis *Agamemno*
Now play me *Neſtor*, hem and ſtr
As he being dreſt to ſome Oratio
That's done, as neere as the extre
Of paralells, as like as *Vulcan* an
Yet god *Achilles* ſtill cries excell
Tis *Neſtor* right: now play him
Arming to anſwer in a night ala
And then forſooth the faint defe
Muſt be the ſcæne of myrth, to c
And with a palſie fumbling on h
Shake in and out the riuet, and a
Sir valour dyes, cryes O enough
Or giue me ribbs of ſteele, I ſha
In pleaſure of my ſpleene, and in
All our abilities, guifts, natures ſ
Seueralls and generalls of grace
Atchiuements, plots, orders, preu
Excitements to the field, or ſpee

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